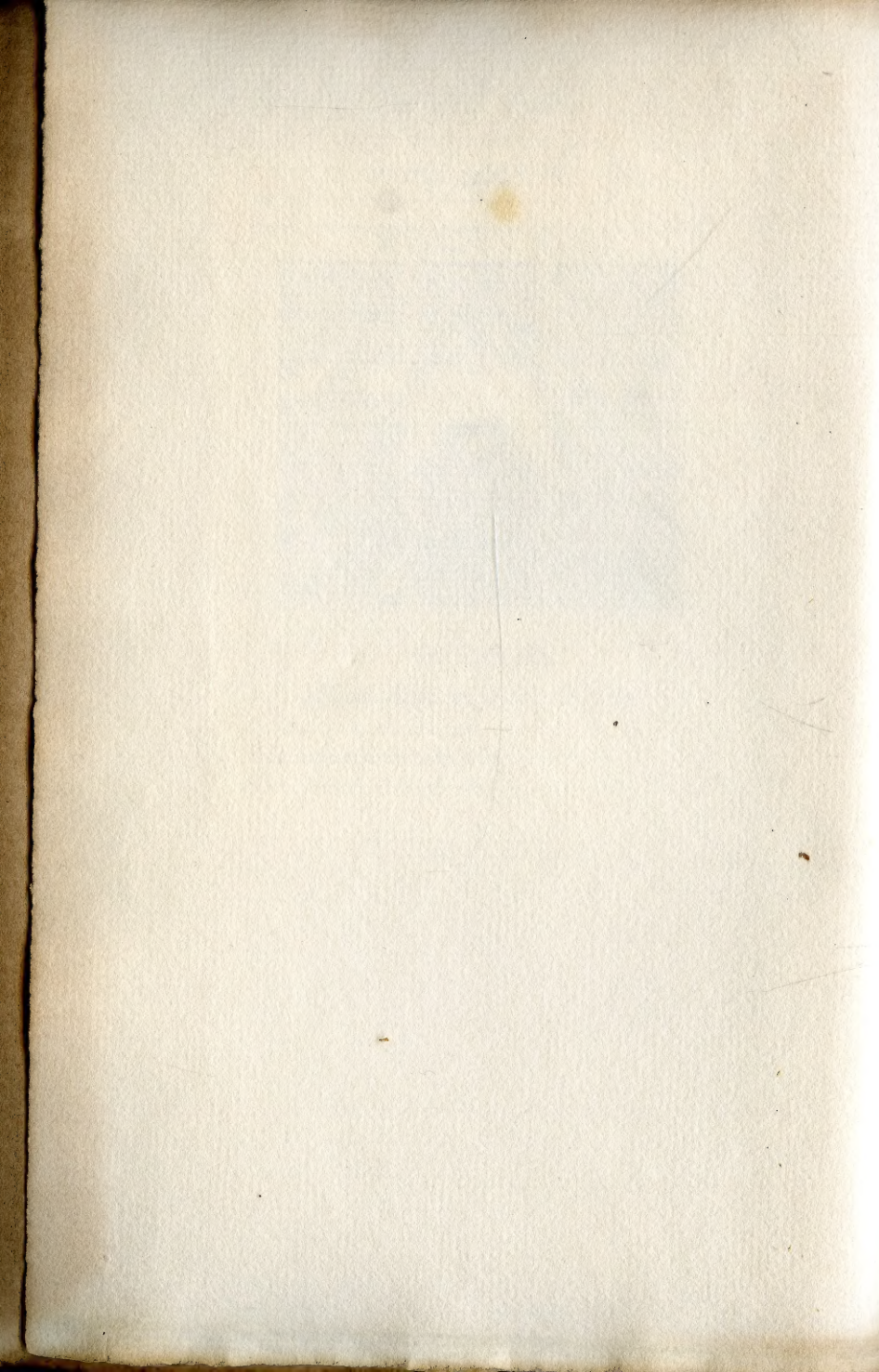
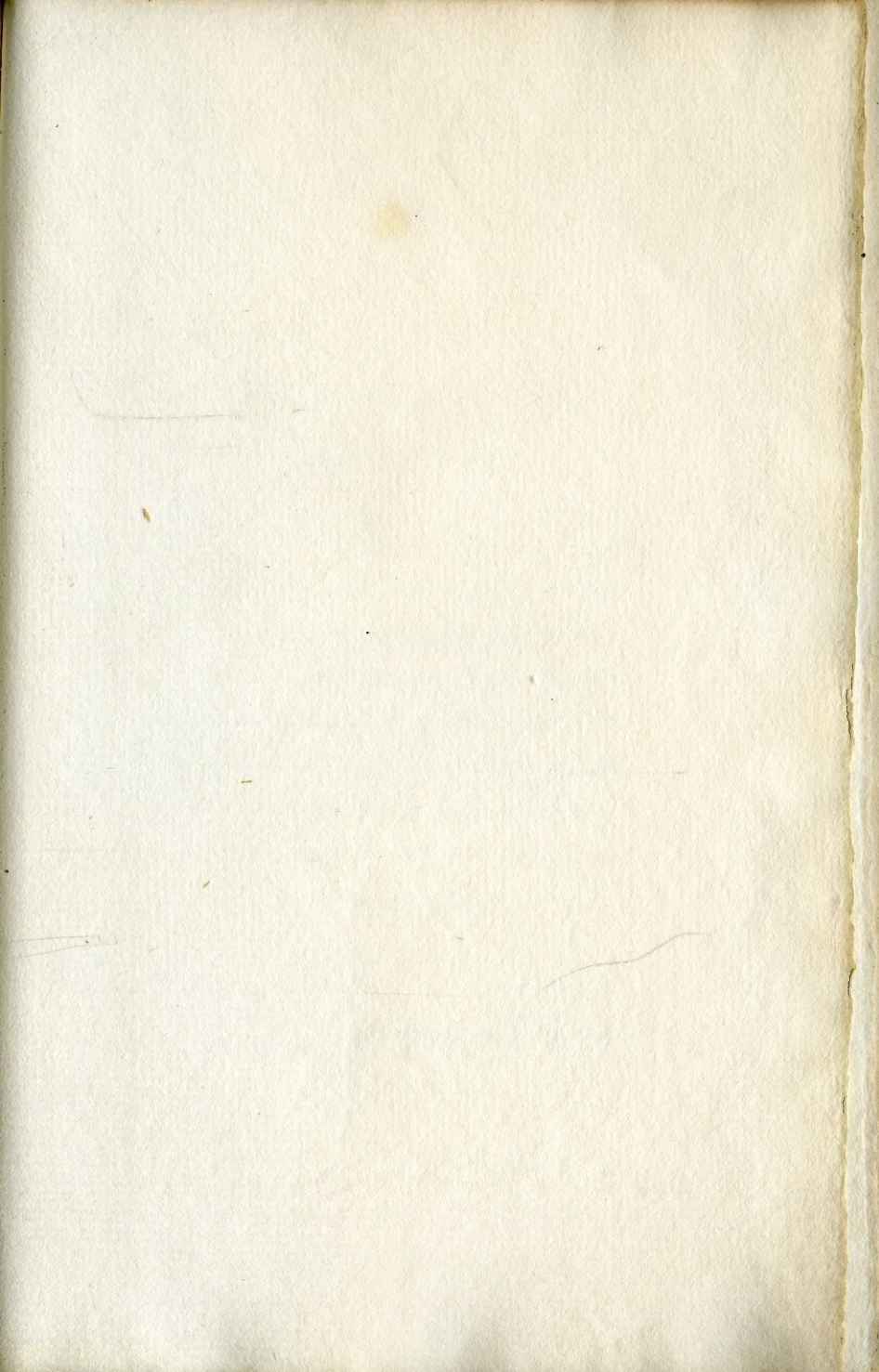
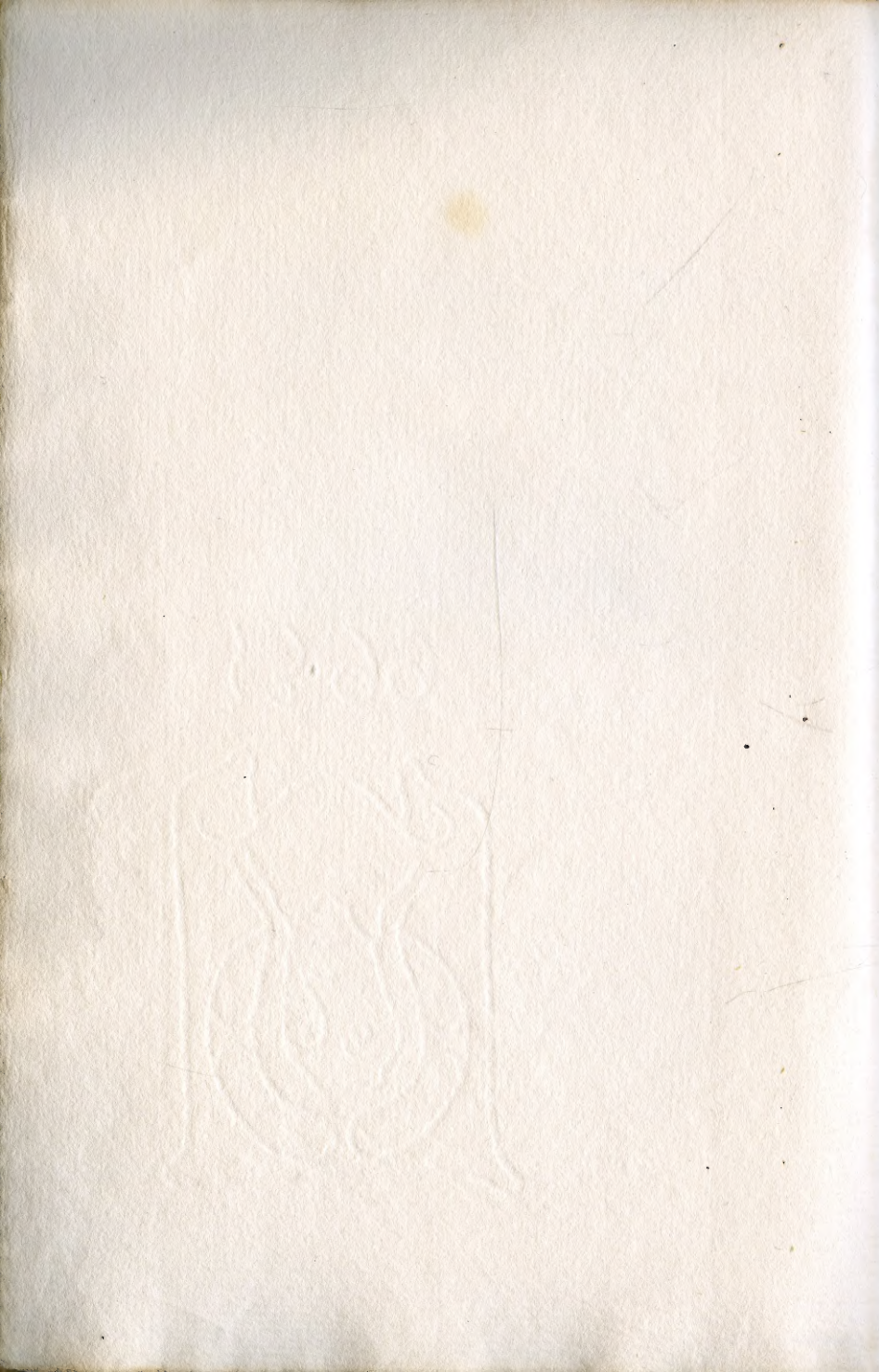


Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

AUTHOR: JOHN GRANT RICE, JR.
of Philadelphia
CACA 1920's







11. 11. 1911

WATERBURY - N. H. 11. 11. 1911

My dear Mr. Brewster

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter will find you the same. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter will find you the same. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter will find you the same.

Yours very truly
J. A. Allen

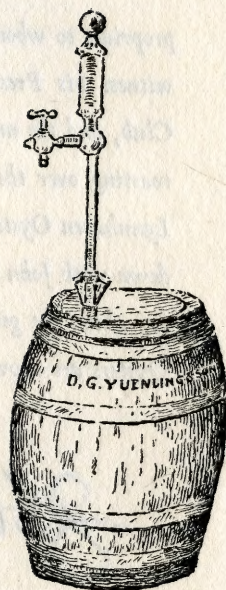
To My Friend

RUSSELL H. JOHNSON, JR.

I respectfully dedicate this book

I know of no one so appropriate to whom to dedicate a book of this kind; witness his Presidency of the American Kennel Club, and the many pleasant evenings I have had roasting over the log fire more than one hundred Lynnhaven Oysters for him at one sitting, washed down with John Erdrich's beer, a beer that was as far above the general run of beers as Lynnhaven Oysters are above the average oysters.

John Gaunt Rice Jr.



CHAPTER I

FROZEN BEER

JOHN ERDRICH was the originator of Frozen Beer. He had a brewery in Philadelphia, and made up his mind to brew the best beer that could be brewed. He sent all over the world for the different ingredients, to India, Austria, Germany, etc., and then was not satisfied, as he once told me that while the hops from Germany were good, and the New York State hops also, neither of them, he found, made as good hops for his beer as a combination of both. So you can see to what lengths he went.

Well about 1910 he found by putting a barrel outside, when the temperature was between zero and 10 above, and leaving it there till the seams started, which was about forty-eight hours, that all around on the inside edge of the barrel about two inches of ice formed, and by putting a picnic pump through the ice you could draw off the liquid inside the ice, and he called that Frozen Beer.

Every winter after a cold snap and he had his beer frozen he would give a Frozen Beer Party at the Brewery. They were the most marvelous parties I ever attended. When the temperature went below 10 degrees everyone who had the privilege of being on his list of guests always held himself in readiness for the call to go out for the Frozen Beer Party, and I know of no one who would not gladly have broken a previous engagement to attend one, and the memories of these parties will remain with them always.

No one who has not tasted it has ever had anything like it before. It can be bottled, and with corks wired in, kept perfectly for a year in the ice box. We used to have it every winter till Prohibition came, and then after beer came back in the spring and I had tried every kind of beer I could lay my hands on—for I am very fond of it—I got to thinking about frozen beer, and the more I thought of it the more I wanted it—and that I would have to wait till winter came made me study what I would do. Finally one day in driving along the Wissahickon it came to me—Why don't you try freezing it in a cold storage plant?—and then you could have it whenever you wanted it. And this is what I have done ever since, as it proved most successful. You take your barrel into the cold storage plant on, say, Monday at five o'clock, and have them put it in a room of, say, about 5 degrees above zero, and it will be ready for you on Wednesday at five o'clock. We have

arranged with the management to watch it and if the seams start too much, to put it in a room of about 30 degrees so it will not melt or freeze any more, and in that way you can hold it till you want it. We also found if you are in a hurry you could put the barrel in the storage plant in a room between five below zero and zero at five o'clock in the afternoon on one day and take it out the next afternoon at five o'clock and it would do equally as well, but of course you will have to tell them to watch it in case the seams open too much. A barrel will burst wide open if the temperature goes much below zero, and it will not freeze properly above ten degrees above.

There is another thing to remember: As about half of the beer is frozen you will have to send to the storage plant double the quantity of beer you will need. Say you are expecting to use a quarter of beer for your party, you will have to send a half barrel to get a quarter.

Frozen beer is in a class by itself, and when you drink it you do not want to drink anything else, for while you can drink all you want of it without its hurting you, if you drink cocktails, whiskey or cordials it will knock you for a loop.

Now there is one other curious feature about it and that is, if you draw off a wooden pitcher of it and let it stand in the room for about an hour you will have the most delicious ale you ever drank, entirely

different in taste from the beer. When we have a party, about an hour before the guests go I generally draw a pitcher and let it stand in the room, and it makes a most wonderful Stirrup Cup on their departure.

If you still have some beer left over after your stirrup cup, if you put your barrel in a place below freezing the beer will keep perfectly as long as it is below freezing, but do not on any account drink any of the beer that is melted, for it is the worst-tasting stuff imaginable.

To tap the beer we have always used the picnic pump that my friend Emanuel Bookbinder gave me. Booky, as he was always called, was one of the greatest men of all time, and kept a restaurant down at Second and Walnut Streets. And the way he fixed up his place with the open fireplaces and grills to serve his customers he learned at the dinners he had at our house, and the grills we are now using he gave to us.

When you tap frozen beer you have to do it very quickly on account of the high pressure in the barrel, which you can easily see must be very great to start the seams of a barrel as strong as the beer barrels are made, or otherwise you will get a glorious shower bath of frozen beer, which the ceilings and walls of the room we use can testify to. To show you how strong the pressure is: Upon one occasion when I was tapping a barrel the pump was blown clean out of my

hand and over my head, and as it passed over was caught by my friend Robert Killdare, who is the best judge of beer I know of and who was helping me tap it, and he returned it to the barrel so quickly that there was only a minimum loss.

I have seen many a catch and return in a big league ball game, as I was quite a fan at one time, but never have I seen a catch and return equal to that one, for it was so unexpected, and the pump came out with such speed.

Before Prohibition, and a short time after, they drove wooden plugs in the barrels to cork them and you would have to drive the plugs into the barrels with a mallet, but now pretty nearly all the barrels come with corks in them with an iron ring around them, and an iron ring comes which holds the pump to fit onto the ring in the barrel.

While the wooden plugs hold the frozen beer, the corks will not stand the pressure and blow out in the process of freezing, so if you put a thick leather washer over the cork and fasten the ring that holds the pump over the washer before you send it to the freezer, this will prevent the cork from blowing out. After the beer is frozen you will have to take a brace and long bit and bore through the washer, cork and the ice to get your pump in.

China beer mugs are the best to use in serving frozen beer.

C H A M P A G N E

You keep Champagne on its side in a cellar or room in an even temperature, if possible, of 60 degrees. Twenty-four hours before you serve it you put it in the top of your refrigerator. The top shelf will be about 50 degrees, which is cold enough for a cool drink and does not spoil the flavor of the wine, which, if served too cold, kills the taste. If you are serving a magnum, leave it in a day longer. And you can keep the wine in the refrigerator for a couple of weeks and it will keep perfectly. However, if you want to have the best wine you ever tasted, and there is snow, put it in the snow for an hour before using, putting it in up to the tinfoil on the neck of the bottle, and if the snow is old and hard, break it up and pile it up to about the top of the bottle, or if it is soft, pat it up about the bottle the same way.

C L A R E T , P O R T A N D S A U T E R N E

You should keep these three on their sides the same way as champagne. Once a year you should look them over and see if the corks are leaking, and if so, recork them. Twenty-four hours before serving you should take the bottle to the room you will serve it in and stand it upright to allow the sediment to settle, and before serving you should decant it, opening the bottle and pouring it before a light, and when

you see the sediment reach the neck of the bottle, stop pouring and throw the sediment away, as it is bitter. The bottle should be handled as gently as possible so as not to disturb the sediment.

Whiskey, Brandy, Sherry, Creme de Cacao and Quantro should be stored like the other wines only the bottles should be upright and not on their sides, as whiskey, brandy and sherry will taste of the cork if left long on their sides. Quantro should be left in a warm room, as cold affects it.

Ale and Beer should be stored in the same place as the wines, on their sides.

In the old days bottled beer would not keep more than a week or ten days and ale the same, if it was desedimentized, but now they pasteurize them and they keep perfectly, but do not have quite the flavor of the beer and ale in the barrels, and that is why you hear so many people say draught beer or ale is so much better.

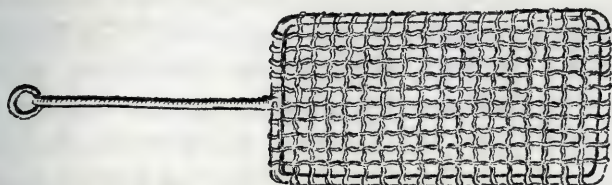
You treat beer the same way as you do champagne, putting it into the top of the refrigerator or in the snow just as you do champagne, but as ale is a winter drink, you serve it cellar cold, or if you prefer you can put it in a room about 50 degrees if you like it colder, but never put it in the refrigerator, as it spoils it.

Beer should be served in china mugs, and ale should be served from pewter. Why ale is better from pewter I do not know, but it is, and everyone will admit it.

Creme de Cacao can be served in three ways: Plain, with cream gently poured on top of it about a half inch thick; and in summer served in cocktail glasses filled with cracked ice (not shaved ice), the pieces about a half inch in size. Pour the Creme de Cacao over the cracked ice almost to the top and then pour your cream in, turning the glass slowly so as to cover the top of the Creme de Cacao with the cream.



CHAPTER II



COOKING BY WOOD FIRE

YOU often hear people when they return from a camping trip say that they have never tasted anything like the meat and fish grilled over a wood fire, and those told about it sometimes say, Oh, you've been living in the open air, and anything would taste good. But they are wrong. For meat and fish cooked over a wood fire are better than cooked in any other way. The reason for this is, you have it cooked in the open, not in an oven with the smell of the stove, also you get the smoky flavor of the wood burning, which is better than any flavor you can put on it.

So if you want to cook over the wood fire, have some grills made to fit your fireplace. The grills should be 18 inches high, and you can either have them built on legs, or you can have an iron bar the length of your fireplace which you can place in brackets set about two inches out from the back of the fireplace fastened to the sides of the fireplace. About nine inches from this bar toward the front of the fireplace you have another bar and brackets, and then again nine inches further toward the front another bar and brackets set, which will be about as many as you need, unless it is a very large fireplace. When not in use you can lift the bars out so they will not interfere with your fireplace when not cooking. I think the bars are the best, for they don't take up any room or have legs to interfere with your putting the logs on the fire. You will of course get some broilers with a hinge at the back for cooking steaks and chickens, so you can turn them over, and you ought to get a large one for fish and keep it only for fish, for if you don't the meat will get some of the flavor of the fish from the broiler. The hinge at the back ought to be about one inch long if you want to cook inch steaks, so the steaks and chickens will be held easily and the wires of the broiler not cut into them. You will have to hold the broilers tight when you turn them so the meat will not fall out, but after turning loosen them so that there will be no pressure on the meat except from the bottom.

Then you will want broilers which you will have to have made out of a half-inch iron bar. These broilers should be 12 inches by 20 inches, with a handle coming from one end about 16 inches long so you can lift them off the fire. Inside this 12 by 20-inch iron frame a one-inch mesh wire fencing should be fastened to hold the oysters, lobsters, etc.

After you have everything, you start your fire and have a good one going at least two hours before you want to cook, for the cooking is from the reflected heat from the fireplace as much as from the logs, also the first fierce fire from the logs has burnt itself out and you have the glow and heat from the charred logs which keeps the heat steady and hot without too much flame which burns the meat without cooking it. You then add from time to time small fresh logs to keep up the heat, having one at the back and two or three in the front of the fireplace, with a space in between to allow the fat to drop on the ashes from the meat. If a bunch of fat spills out on the logs it will flare up and set your meat on fire and you will have to pull it off quickly and blow out the flames, which does not hurt it if done quickly. The reason you keep the most active fire to the front is to counteract the air from the room, and this insures even cooking all around.

Any wood may be used in cooking, but Hickory, Apple or Pear are the best to use for they last long, burn with a great deal of heat, and do not give off

much flame, and they also give off a most pleasing odor in their smoke.

B E E F S T E A K A N D C H O P S

You should have beefsteak and chops cut a big inch thick, and cook them in the small broilers about a half hour, ten minutes on one side and ten minutes on the other, then five minutes longer on the first side cooked and five minutes on the other side.

D O M E S T I C F O W L

You stand all fowl on their backs on the large broilers about three inches from the end of the broiler which is nearest to the back of the fireplace, across the broiler, as this is usually the hottest part of the fireplace. You should not tie them in any way, unless you stuff them, when of course you have to tie them front and back to keep the filling in. However, you put a fine wire loosely about the body between the wings and legs of all fowl whether they are stuffed or not and fasten them to the broiler to keep them from falling off in case the fowl catches on fire. Of course, you do not have to tie any with wire except the one farthest away from you if you are cooking more than one on a broiler, as the one wired will keep the one nearest to you from falling off in case they went on fire.

You allow fifteen minutes to the pound for chickens and ducks—that is, a chicken or duck weighing four pounds would take an hour. A goose, for some reason or other, only takes about an hour and a half to two hours to cook—a ten-pound goose, an hour and a half, a twelve-pounder an hour and three-quarters, a fifteen-pounder two hours. A turkey takes fifteen minutes a pound up to the first two hours and then seven minutes the pound after that, a ten-pound turkey taking two hours and fifteen minutes, a twelve-pounder, two hours and a half, etc.

Domestic Mallard ducks (which should be shot, to keep as much blood in them as possible) take about twenty-five minutes; while the wild ducks, Canvas, Red Heads, etc., take about forty-five minutes. In cooking these fowl you will find they will brown up on the breasts to a delicate brown, and not like the deep brown of the birds in the oven, so don't think they are not well cooked, for they are cooked a great deal better than the ones in the oven, so don't go by the color of the skin on the breast to know whether they are done or not. There is one way you can pretty nearly tell whether they are cooked or not, that is when the loose end of the leg stops dripping and gets hard and brown.

If you want to eat the best white-meated bird you ever had, get a Pit Game pullet, it beats any pheasant or other game you ever ate. If you want the best

dark-meated bird get a Toulouse goose and cross it with a Canadian wild gander and you will get a bird that will beat any Canvasback, Ruddy, or other wild duck you ever ate. They are as tender as a domestic goose with the flavor of the wild gander and have breasts on them like beefsteaks. They should be killed like the domestic Mallards, keeping the blood in them as much as possible, and they should be cooked about fifteen minutes less than a domestic goose.

Chickens and ducks should be kept forty-eight hours after killing; geese and turkeys a day longer.

FISH, OYSTERS, CRABS AND LOBSTERS

Until you have eaten an Upper Delaware River Shad you have never yet tasted a first-class shad. Anywhere say twenty miles above Trenton, New Jersey, will do. The further up you go, the more they get away from the sewage and into the colder water, the firmer and better the fish are. There are two times to cook a shad—rush it back from the water to the grills; and if you can't cook it then, keep it for forty-eight hours in the ice box and then cook it. Buck shad have the best meat, but of course you want some roe, so we always get the two kinds.

Scale, split, clean and take the backbone out,

and put them over the fire, skin side down, and lay the roe back in the shad where it came from, in the roe shad, and the milt in the buck shad where it came from, cook for about half an hour, and you will say you never tasted anything like it before. As you can see the meat you can tell when it is done, but a half hour ought to cook it if the fire is right. You don't have to turn it like the steak or chops. Let it cook through like the chickens.

Smelts are cooked the same way, only they take just about five or ten minutes. In this way you can cook all kinds of fish. Vary the time for the size of the fish.

Lynnhaven Oysters are generally considered the best grown, the reason for that being that they get a tremendous lot of fresh, pure water from the Great Dismal Swamp. They have a flavor all their own, and it is very rarely you get two barrels just alike. The reason is that if there has been a lot of rain the fresh water comes in the bay so fast the oysters you would think were floated, but if there has been an easterly storm the ocean forces the fresh water back and they have quite a salty taste. In either case if the oysters are fresh it is a crime to put anything on them as it spoils their wonderful flavor.

Of course, you want them fresh and full of juice. We always have them sent by Express, reaching us the morning after they are shipped, and as they are shipped

in the afternoon, they are very often dug the morning they are shipped. We put them in a cool place—the root cellar is very good—and use them within the week, with nothing but the burlap over the top of the barrel that came with the barrel to hold the oysters in.

Now here is a funny thing my friends who live on Lynnhaven Bay and ship me the oysters told me years ago that they themselves do. They keep their oysters in a barrel in the cellar, and the further down in the barrel they go the better the oysters are. And the reason for that is because the oysters on the top keep opening their mouths and spilling the juice and the oysters underneath keep drinking it, so by the time you get to the last of the barrel the oysters are the best of all, for they are a kind of concentrated Lynnhaven oyster. I noticed this to be a fact years ago, and wrote down to them to find out why the last of the oysters were always the best, and that was what they told me.

As I said before, you rarely get two barrels of Lynnhavens just alike. Sometimes they are very white in color, and sometimes yellow, and the yellow ones they call Yellow Bellies down there, but Waldorf-Astorias up here. It seems at one time the old Waldorf got a shipment of Yellow Bellies and their patrons were so impressed with them the Hotel has always since tried to get the Yellow Bellies, and of course the people on the Bay try to ship them to them when they

can, and so the yellow ones have gotten to be called the Waldorf-Astorias.

Now the best Lynnhavens of all are what are called the Green Gills, but the people at Lynnhaven Bay don't want them at any price, for it kills the sale of them. What the Green Gill is is nothing more than this: a bunch of seaweed comes in the Bay, the oysters are crazy about it and feed on it till it makes the oyster turn green about the eye underneath the top skin, and when the oysters come up like that the public think they are poison and you can't give them away, but if you ever ate one you would say they were the best you ever tasted. It is funny that in France the Green Gills are worth more than the plain ones, and they go so far as to color the oyster artificially so as to bring higher prices.

Lynnhavens are not much good till the cold weather comes, about Thanksgiving or Christmas, but they keep good long after the regular time, and many a Lynnhaven I have roasted under the apple blossoms the middle of May, for they are mighty good till about that time.

To roast oysters you put them on the big broilers just as they come out of the barrel, and they cook in about twenty minutes. They will open their mouths when done and have a kind of burnt look, which you can tell with a little practice. The cook has horsehide gloves, for the broilers get very hot, and he puts the

oysters on a big pewter plate in the middle of the table, and the guests, with left-hand gloves of the same make, reach out, get them, and with an oyster knife of their own open the oysters, put butter on them and eat them. Each guest has a brass bucket beside him and throws his empty shells in it. Bread, butter, pretzels and celery are the only things to serve with them, and beer either frozen or not, or ale, are the only drinks to serve with them, for they are very rich and will not mix with anything else.

Soft Shell Crabs you put in your fish broiler and cook three minutes on one side and then three on the other, or you can put them on their backs and cook them through without turning for about six minutes.

Broiled Lobsters you put shell side down on the large broilers after splitting and cleaning, and they will take from twenty to thirty minutes. The claws we generally break off and cook together, and very often the part next to the body of the lobster will rise up and whistle like a peanut roaster, and after it stops whistling you will generally find it is a sign the claw is cooked.

We now come down to cooking without grills. Make up a good fire, and after it is pretty well burnt, rake the live coals together and make a bed of them. Upon this bed of coals put either chops or steaks cut about a full half-inch thick and about three inches by four inches and trim the fat off to keep them

from going on fire. Cook for about seven minutes, get a fork and pick them up and scrape the coals off them back onto the bed, and put the chops or steaks back on the coals on their uncooked sides for the same time, and you will have the best steak or chop you ever tasted—better than the ones cooked on the grills. You will have a wonderful chop or piece of meat cooked juicy and sweet on the outside with a streak of rare meat in the middle.

Roast Eggs—what pleasant recollections they bring to me. In the spring of the year the ashes are always piled high in the fireplace after the winter, and that was the season my friends came around for Roast Eggs—chicken, duck, goose or turkey eggs. At our farm we always had chickens, ducks and geese, but the turkeys we kept at home and they used to roam around the house, and roost in an apple tree just outside of the room where we cooked. So in April we always had plenty of fresh eggs of all kinds, and when my friends came they would pick out what eggs they wanted and I would roast them for them in the ashes, with coffee made in a crockery drip pot. Why coffee in a crockery pot is better than coffee made in any other kind of a pot I don't know, but it is so.

You generally keep about five or six inches of ashes in the fireplace, and in the ashes you can roast potatoes and eggs. After the ashes are hot you open them up and put in the potatoes or eggs, cover them

up with the ashes and spread the coals over the ashes. Potatoes take about an hour and a half to cook. Eggs take one minute more to cook than you like them boiled in water. Say you like a three-minute egg, you would give it four minutes in the ashes. Be sure you have plenty of ashes over the top of the eggs or they will crack with the heat when you spread the hot coals over them. You put the eggs on about an inch of ashes and then cover them up, which will leave about one inch of ashes on the top. Goose, turkey and duck eggs are wonderfully good as well as chicken eggs cooked this way; they all have a sweetness and taste that boiled eggs never have, and I never heard anyone say they did not like them better cooked in the ashes than boiled.

A mighty good supper is to roast sliced ham over the grills when you are roasting the eggs. The slices should be a good half inch thick, and you cook them the same time as the thick steaks, half an hour—ten minutes on one side, ten minutes on the other, then five minutes on the first side cooked and five minutes on the other.

While we are on the subject of ham—a young pig of say about twenty pounds makes a wonderful roast. You spread the pig over two of the large broilers, and it takes two people to put the pig on and take it off. Fifteen minutes to the pound will cook it—about five hours for the twenty pounder.

We come next to cooking Venison and mush-

rooms in what the old-timers called the Three-Point. The Three-Point is a pot with three legs and a fairly long handle so you can reach it on and off the fire. The pot we have is a small one, the legs are seven inches long and the handle about fourteen, eight and a half inches in diameter, three inches deep, and it is made of iron. You cook with it by sticking it in the ashes over the coals or small pieces of wood in front of the fire if you have to stir anything in it to keep from burning, like scrambled eggs. You put a quarter pound of butter and a glass of currant jelly in the pot, and after they are melted a bit we put the venison in, cut up in pieces about two by three inches and a good half inch thick, what the pot will hold comfortably. You stir from time to time, keeping the fire up and turning the meat so that it gets cooked all around and not burnt, and then just before it is fully cooked you put in two wine glasses of port wine and stir all around a bit, then serve it out of the pot. All this takes about a half hour, that is from the time you put the pot on the fire cold till you take it off with the venison cooked—I suppose the actual cooking time is about fifteen or twenty minutes.

Mushrooms are cooked in their own juice. After peeling and washing them you put them in the Three-Point after you have melted a good big butter ball that you serve at the table for bread, to start them. Fill up the pot with them and keep turning till they

are done, which takes a half hour like the venison, from start to finish.

As I have come to the end of the cooking, I thought I would give some suppers to serve for about six congenial souls with a quarter of Frozen Beer. You will notice I have not included any desserts, for they do not go with beer, so you will have to supply plenty of each of the few foods you serve, which I can testify to from past experience. There were two groups of about six men each who used to come that made a barrel of Lynnhaven oysters look sick, and as a barrel of Lynnhavens contains about five hundred oysters you can see what they could get away with in an evening.

Well do I remember the first time "Booky," who I told you about having a restaurant, was here for a party. He stood up saying he had enough to eat when we were about a third through our oysters, and was paralyzed when the rest solemnly stood up and took off their coats, folding them neatly on the backs of their chairs, and sat down again saying: "We will now start to eat." He thought they were through as he was when they stood up, and when they sat down again and ate twice as much as they had eaten before, he turned to me and said: "I would a whole lot rather pay for their board than feed them." Four of the men that night ate close to a hundred oysters apiece, and they had me dizzy roasting them, at the end, for it was a warm night.

In summer you do not want much, so Chicken, or Lamb Supreme, or Hot Dogs—Coleslaw, with the sweet and sour dressing, and cheese with crackers, pretzels and rolls make three good combinations.

In winter the following are good:

Roast Oysters, celery, rolls and pretzels.

Chops, French fried potatoes and rolls.

Steaks, French fried potatoes and rolls.

Oyster and Mushroom Pie along with Beefsteak Pie and rolls.

Chicken Pie, potato cakes and rolls.

Terrapin, roast sweet and white potatoes and rolls.

Broiled Lobster, chip potatoes and rolls.

Lobster Farcy, steel potatoes and rolls.

Lobster Newburg, roast sweet and white potatoes and rolls.

Beef Casserole, celery and rolls.

Lamb or Venison, port wine and currant jelly dressing, celery, wild rice and rolls.

Chicken Croquettes and peas, julienne potatoes and rolls.

Spinach Ring, Italian style, spaghetti and rolls.

Veal or Chicken and Ham* Pie, roast white and sweet potatoes and rolls.

Stuffed Boned Squabs, currant jelly, celery salad, pâté de foies gras and hard crackers.

You of course serve small cups of coffee after each of the above suppers.

*If you have any flat Champagne or bottles that are leaky, if you will use a pint of it to baste the Ham when roasting it this will give it the most delicious flavor you ever tasted in a ham.

I have been asked by some of the younger generation who have grown up through Prohibition what people served before Prohibition, and so I will give a sample dinner of the early Eighties, which was the groundwork of all dinners that have come since.

Lynnhaven Oysters	Sherry
Soup a la Reine*	
Boiled Salmon—Drawn Butter Sauce	Sauterne
Terrapin	Burgundy
Fillet of Beef, Brown Gravy	Champagne
with Small Mushrooms and Truffles	
Duchess Potatoes	Spinach
Game or Contons†	Claret
Celery Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing	
Pâté de foies Gras	Crackers
Bombe Glacé	
Demi-Tasse	Roquefort Cheese and Crackers
Port and Cordials	

*A thick white chicken soup.

†A stuffed chicken leg shaped like a little duck sitting on a nest of Fried Bread. This dish was brought to Philadelphia from the West Indies about a hundred years ago, and is known down there as "Caneton" (duckling), and is considered a star dish among the Islands.

The tables were a wonderful sight, with the glass, china and silver, and the four decanters with the different colored wines. There was generally a big bowl of fruit in the center of the table; among the fruit, flowers were generally interspersed. There were also silver dishes of candy scattered about, but no salted nuts, as they did not come till afterwards. The fruit and candy were passed after the Bombe Glacé, and the women left the room after that and the coffee, port and cordials were passed, separately. Cigars and cigarettes were passed to the men with the coffee, and the men joined the women after they had had their cigars.

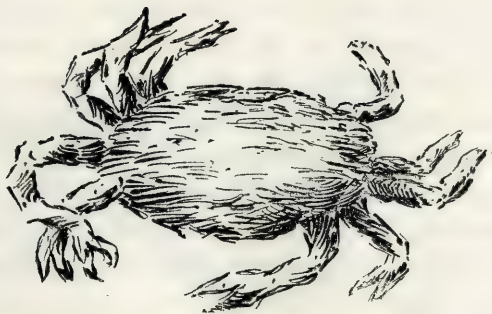
Cigars are best kept in the boxes in which they come, in a humidor, and if the humidor is tight they keep perfectly with no water put on the blotters which come in the humidors. Water or anything else placed in a humidor only spoils the cigars. If the cigars are right when they come, the humidor will keep them just as they are put in. If the cigars are dry when they come, if you handle them carefully when you start to smoke them so as not to break them, after you have taken two or three puffs on them the hot smoke will moisten them just right and they will be soft and pliable and not brittle the way they were when you first picked them up. I remember once buying some large cigars that were so old and brittle they had to be wrapped in tissue paper to bring them home, but I

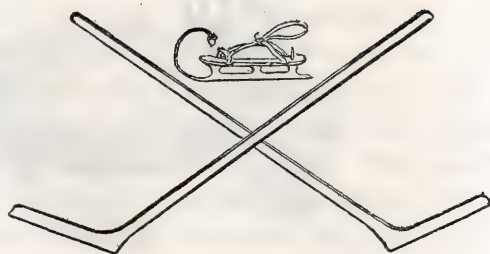
never had one go bad, as I was careful in handling them, and they were the best cigars I ever smoked. Also, do not smoke any cigars fresh off the boat from Cuba, for cigars get seasick, and are not fit to smoke for at least six months after they land—in fact, a year is better.

Well, in the Gay Nineties they tried to outdo themselves in the number of courses and wines they could serve, and they would have as high as eighteen or twenty courses, and as an old friend of mine said, the courses were nothing but samples, and on one occasion after he had dined with a friend he went into a bar-room that served food and ordered himself a large beefsteak and fried potatoes, as he said he was hungry. While he was sitting there his host came into the bar for a drink, and when he turned around in drinking he saw my friend with his dish piled high with steak and potatoes. What the host thought, my friend said he never knew, as he drank his drink and went out, but my friend said he felt like going through the floor.

By the Nineteen hundreds there was a reaction, and when motors came, and everyone speeded up, the dinners were cut down to a reasonable amount, and they would have cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, sherry with the soup, and champagne with the fish, which was served right through till the cordials. They would have a meat and vegetable course, salad course, and an ice and coffee, and that is about what they have today.

I cannot bring this chapter to a close without thanking my lifelong friend William H. Whitten for his never failing help to me with the cooking, and for the many good times we have had together before the old fireplace at Edgecombe.





CHAPTER III

W I N T E R

WHO does not enjoy winter far better than summer, if he or she has red blood in their veins and is full of life? I am not talking about the degenerate winters we have had the past fifteen or twenty years, but the winters we had up till that time, when the ice and snow started in about Christmas and kept up till St. Patrick's Day in March. Nor about the snow in American cities, which is a pest the way the authorities handle it, so different than in Canada—more of which anon.

What is more exhilarating than a clear day with the temperature about twenty, the air dry and crisp like dry champagne, as someone has written, and the snow sparkling over the countryside? Compare this with a July day with the temperature in the nineties and the humidity up so high it hurts you to breathe. Then take the beauty of the scenery with the snow or ice over everything, each limb or twig or weed covered, or the early mornings with the hoar frost making a

tracery over every object and gradually disappearing before the rays of the sun.

Have you ever seen "A Golden Winter Morning"? If not, let me quote you the description of "A Golden Winter Morning" written by W. C. Prime in his charming book of short stories *Among the Northern Hills*: "Over all the country, far and near, rises from the snow a mist, invisible in the twilight and equally invisible after the sun is three hours high. When the sun comes above the horizon this mist is lit into yellow gold-dust. Around trees and other dark-colored objects there is a halo. Mountain peaks seem to radiate light, and house-tops nearer to you blaze with lustre. If there has been a recent still fall of snow which has rested on branches of trees and leaves of evergreens, and this begins to drift lightly in the early day, it is more distinctly like gold-dust in the air. For nothing is white in this light, but everything partakes of the yellow-tint, and the fields are covered with cloth-of-gold." In another of his stories, *A Northern Sleigh Ride*, which is the best description of a four-horse sleigh-ride or of any other sleigh-ride I have ever read, he describes a moonlight night, but I am sure he never saw or was out a night like the one I am going to try to describe, for he would have written about it, and far better than I am able. As he called his morning "A Golden Winter Morning," I am going to call my night "A Gold and Silver Winter Night."

About thirty years ago, around St. Patrick's Day we had a six-inch fall of snow which turned into rain and covered everything with a thick coating of ice. It made an inch or so of the hardest kind of ice over the snow on the ground as it froze very hard afterwards. You can see what thick ice it made, as it cut all the horses' legs badly that were clipped when they broke through it, and caused a lot of trouble for anyone who had horses. Saturday night came, and so we thought to have one last sleighing party of the year, as the season was getting so late. We have two four-horse sleighs, and so we got them out and asked some of our neighbors to sleigh up to an inn for supper and come back by moonlight, as the moon was full on that night. On our way up, the sun set just before we reached the inn, and a more glorious sight you never saw. It was wonderfully clear, and as the deep, red sun sank in the west it illuminated everything with a fiery red light, as all the trees, fields, etc., being covered with ice, they reflected the rays of the sun and you would think you were going through a world on fire.

After we had our supper and started home, a great golden moon got up over the hills, for in March for some reason the full moon rises more golden than in any other month, and such a sight you never saw. For when the sun set, the world looked on fire—now the whole country-side appeared to be made out of

glistening gold, and the sheen on the fields looked like floors of burnished gold, and it was the most wonderful sight I have ever seen. After we got home, more neighbors came in and we had a jolly good evening. When everyone left about half-past one, I put on my skates and went out to skate on the lawn, and found there was another change in the scenery. The moon was directly overhead and had turned to silver and had turned everything else to silver, just as the sun had turned everything to fire in the afternoon and the moon to gold in the evening. Never have I seen three such remarkable changes in the landscape in eight hours, any one of which was a sight for the Gods. The skating was perfect up hill and down dale on the crust of the snow all over the place, and I never went in till three o'clock.

For over fifty years we have pretty nearly every winter flooded some part of our place for skating, and three generations of our family and friends have learned to skate on the place. We first lit up the ice at night by a gas light, but of course we now have electric lights in the trees. It is an exhilarating sight and a merry one to see old and young skating in the afternoons and on Saturdays and Sundays, playing hockey or doing fancy stunts in the bright sunlight and keen air, for they all seem to get so much enjoyment out of it. Then at night the older ones come in and we light up the rink and they keep going till they are tired out,

when they come in and we throw some Lynnhavens on the wood fire and go down in the cellar for a pitcher of ale, and sit around the fire till the small hours of the morning.

Once each winter we try to have a skating party. We light up a bonfire in the corner of the rink on the ice, and have the musicians in back of the fire and in front of the wall that runs around the rink, on a board platform, to keep them warm. We have benches around the fire for the guests to put on their skates and to leave their extra wraps. The party is called for nine o'clock, and we have the following events:

1. *Broom Race*. Gentlemen at one end, ladies at another. Lady skates to partner, carrying broom. Gentleman tows lady back on broom. Both wear skates.

2. *Hare and Hounds*. A gentleman drawing a balloon will be hunted by the ladies. The lady who bursts the balloon wins. All wear skates.

3. *Potato Race*. Competitors to wear only one skate.

4. *Hoop Race*. Ladies roll hoops to partners, who roll the hoops back again. Both wear skates.

5. *Sled Race*. The lady, carrying a closed parasol in her hand, pulls a sled to her partner. She then opens her parasol, kneels on the sled and drives her partner back, holding the reins in one hand and the parasol in the other. The gentleman pulls by means of the reins only. The reins must be held by the lady and not fastened to the sled. Only the lady wears skates.

6. *Balloon-Hockey*. The gentleman drives the balloon with a hockey stick across the ice to his partner, who drives it back again in the same manner. Both wear skates.

At eleven o'clock we serve hot dogs, coffee, big soft pretzels, and tap a keg of ale. We have a charcoal grill out on the ice and keep broiling and serving the hot dogs till the guests leave.

If we wanted to be very swell, we would serve a Champagne and Terrapin supper. At ten o'clock the waiters, with woolen caps that come down over their ears, woolen gloves and creepers (as for some reason every night we gave a party it always seemed to go to zero) would bring out the bottles of champagne and stick them in the snow. At quarter to eleven chairs to be used for the guests at the supper tables should be brought out and stacked near the fire, also a service table upon which cigarettes and cigars had been placed. At eleven o'clock the waiters would bring out tables for four all set with table-cloths, a flower in the center, knives, forks, napkins, etc., rasp rolls and butter and a plate of raw oysters on the half-shell for each place. These supper tables should be put around the fire, and the chairs that were brought out should be quickly placed around the tables, as this whole supper has to be served very fast, or otherwise the guests will get cold. Another waiter or two should start serving the wine at once, for after skating hard, no matter how cold it is, you are dry and thirsty, and a cold oyster and a glass of snow-cooled wine just goes to the spot. Then just as soon as you see the oysters are pretty nearly done, the waiters will come out with

the terrapin in the hot double-boilers you have heated it in, and the hot plates, and roast sweet and white potatoes, and with other waiters removing the empty oyster plates, you serve the terrapin and potatoes together on small soup plates. Before the terrapin and potatoes are completely served you have your coffee and small, hot coffee-cups brought out, so that there will be no time lost between the ending of the terrapin and potato course and the coffee, and the cigars and cigarettes should be passed at the same time. If this supper is served right it will not take more than fifteen or twenty minutes, and so will prevent the guests getting chilled. You allow two waiters to a table, and for a party of fifteen or twenty (which was what we usually had) two waiters to serve the wine, remove the plates and pass the cigars, for you must remember that while the waiters have creepers on, they are walking on ice and snow and cannot move about as if it was the bare ground.

Beside the sleighing, which we do with one, two, three or four horses, as we have all sizes of sleighs, and taking the children out hitching behind the sleighs either on sleds or skis, if you hitch a sled behind a motor, with a long rope to get away from the exhaust, you will know you are going some at anywhere between twenty and fifty miles an hour, for being low to the ground you think you are going twice as fast as if you are in a car. Chestnut Hill has plenty

of hills and you get fine coasting. There is a hill that runs by our door a mile long, and many a time we have gone down that in the past, although now on account of the motors and the salting of it we have not gone down it for some time. There is no better exercise or fun in the world than coasting, and many a moonlight night we have been out pretty nearly all night.

There is also skiing and skating with sails, both of which I have tried, but they came too late in my life for me to take up, but the youngsters are having great fun with them. There is also ice-boating, which my brother used to enjoy up the Hudson, and he said it was grand sport. Then there is Curling, which I have seen in Canada, which I think I will have to paint the ice and take up some day with a broom and try, as I am not too old for that.

So you can see there is as much fun to be had in winter as in summer, all in a glorious atmosphere and temperature.

Now we will journey to Montreal, which I spoke about at the beginning of this chapter. Montreal is just an ordinary American city in summer, but in winter you would not know it for the same place. The whole city is on its toes, up and doing, and is crazy about the winter sports. No one who has not seen it would believe it. Take any Saturday night through the winter, and you would think there was a

World Series going on, with the people milling about going to the various hockey games. You say the American people are keen about baseball and football, but they are not a patch on these Canadians about their hockey games.

Montreal is a wonderful city in winter, no snow banks, all streets open and leveled off, and everything on runners—at least it was a few years back, although I understand it is getting pretty well motorized now. The reason the streets are open, they keep the snow on the sidewalks instead of throwing it into the streets, opening a small path to allow people to pass; and instead of using snow-sweepers to throw the snow up on the side, and blocking that side completely, every trolley has a small plough in front of the two front wheels, which keeps the tracks open, and the consequence is the streets are kept open. As the trolleys are high, the snow is sometimes a foot high along the rails, and it is hard on the springs, the taxicab drivers tell me. I have often wondered why the authorities in our cities did not send a man up to Canada to see how to handle snow, and then we would not have the trouble we have always had ever since I can remember.

As snow is a sound absorber, everything is almost as still as the country, and about all you hear passing is the sleigh-bells on the horses. You would hardly think it possible for the largest city in Canada, of

about two million people, to be so quiet. As soon as you arrive you will see all kinds of sleighs, from the boy with the small delivery sledge, to my lady's brougham with two men on the box dressed in beautiful furs. Then in the afternoon up on Mount Royal, where they do not allow motors, you will see some beautiful turnouts of all descriptions, if it is a good day. They have large six-horse sleighs to hold twenty people, ten on a side, facing each other, which for some reason they call King Fishers. On Mount Royal you will see, and drive under if you wish (as it crosses the road), the mile-long double toboggan slide, which on Saturdays and at nights is crowded, and with a line of spectators looking on. Also any number of people skiing along the road, in the fields, coming down the hills in and out through the trees like a polo pony, and walking right in the main streets of the city.

Pretty nearly every house that has any grounds around it has its skating pond all lit with electric lights, some of them not much bigger than a large table, and now you can see why the Canadians lead the world in hockey.

On account of these lights and the snow, this makes Montreal a very bright city at night. The Montreal Athletic Club floods its field, and it is a gay sight on a Saturday afternoon with a couple of thousand people skating over its surface, and the band playing. Some of the field is cut off for hockey and

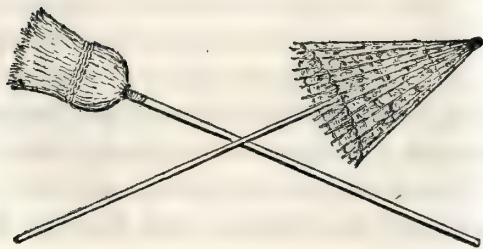
fancy skating. Out beyond that field they have a ski-jump, and on Saturday afternoons they have all kinds of contests on the jump and there will be a large crowd out to see them, and a great many families come on skis, father, mother and children, and the smaller the child, the smaller the ski—it is surely a great sight. Then all through the city they have Curling Clubs which meet on Saturday afternoons, have lunch and curl afterwards. In the spring of the year they have a Grand Tournament for the championship of Montreal. Every night through the week they have hockey matches, and on Saturday night they have so many you are dizzy trying to find for which one you have bought tickets, and all of the rinks are jammed to the guards. They use the garages for skating and hockey in the winter that they use for cars in the summer.

Then they have the torch-light parades of the Snowshoe Clubs, dressed up in their strikingly bright costumes. They have trotting-horse racing on the ice, and ice boating and dog-sledge racing.

This I think covers all the winter sports the people of Montreal go in for that I can recall, and if you will make a tour of the city on any clear Saturday afternoon in winter, starting up Mount Royal, and see the crowds sleighing, skiing and tobogganing, then out to the ski-jump to see the throngs on skis and on foot watching the jumpers, then back to the Montreal

Athletic Club and see the number of people skating, then to the curling rinks and the people there, and finally at night see the large crowds pouring into the hockey rinks, I think you will admit this great outpouring of the men, women and children of Montreal will attest to their love of winter.

I have been up in Montreal all seasons of the year, and while of course they have all the summer sports, golf, tennis, baseball, cricket, etc., the people do not certainly get the keen enjoyment out of them that they get out of their winter sports, which I can testify to, for I once had a very pretty French-Canadian girl fall out of her chair on my back and throw her arms about me, she was so excited when Magill University scored the winning goal against Toronto University, and I have never had that happen at any other game.



CHAPTER IV



D A L M A T I A N S

I HAVE been asked by the present generation of Dalmatian owners to write a chapter about the dogs of the past that were broken to run with the horses. Over fifty years ago, as far back as I can remember, there were always dogs running under the carriages and wagons about the streets of Philadelphia. They were a light, active dog, and the nearest approach to them today in conformation is Champion Tally Ho Star

of Sonia, and whenever I see her I feel like taking her home with me. However, they were all very dark, with too many spots on them and a great many spots run together.

Dalmatians were scattered all over the country about here, New Jersey, New York, pretty well over Pennsylvania, down through Maryland, and down in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

I think they learned to run under the wagon in this country, as I understand they did not do it much in England. And the reason they did it was because if they did not do so, as pretty nearly every farmer had a dog, it would mean a fight a farm along every mile, and by the time a horse and wagon got to the end of its journey the dog would be left far behind, unless you waited for him, and then you would probably get into a couple of fights yourself besides for good measure. Under the wagon they were perfectly safe and they knew it, and I can many a time imagine seeing our dogs grin when they go by a dog or bunch of dogs flying at them in all directions through the wheels but never being able to get at them. Once in a while a little dog or puppy will run up behind the wagon and run in, but when he gets under the back axle and sees both hind wheels turning about it is too much for him and he retires. Well, when you stopped on the road the dogs would stay about the trap or jump in, and woe betide anyone that came near, for I have never seen one

that would not attack any stranger that came near the wagon if you were not there. Even to this day, if I take the dogs out in a car I can leave it for any length of time and they will always be there when I return. This is purely the instinct of the old days, for I have never said a word to them about staying. Also in exhibitions in the show ring, if I were not down on the ground and they saw I was there, I have seen them warn the judges or anyone else who approached with a growl from underneath the coach if they came too close. Upon your journey's end, after the horses were taken out, they would leave the trap and follow the horses, but as long as the horses were hitched they would stay with them. You can say what you choose, but to make a Dalmatian's life complete you have to have a horse on the place with him. In the last few years, since we have kept our horses at our farm or down at the Club stables, I tried in every way possible to make our dogs happy at home but could not succeed, and so I took them all down to the Club stable and have not one on the place. As they are loose down there and can run all over the country and can come home if they want to, it shows they prefer it down there to here. From what I have said before you can see there is not much trouble in getting Dalmatians to run under the wagon, although from the way people look at me on the road they think I am part of a circus, and have asked me where and when I open up.

In the first place, they should be born and raised in a stable with the horses, of parents, if possible, who work with the horses, and when they are growing up they will run around with the old dogs when the horses are being harnessed up and will get to know the horses and wagon from start to finish, and you need not be afraid of the horses treading on them if you are careful, for the horses will not hurt the dogs if they can help it. Many a time I have come to the stable yard and found the old dogs asleep under the carriage and the three-months-old puppies asleep alongside of them. Of course I don't mean you to let the puppies out when you are harnessing when they are six weeks old. Three or four months old is all right. When they are five or six months you will have to watch them, for they will want to go with the old dogs, and even before that, so when they are that age and you can see they want to go, let them follow and go slow, and the chances are after a little while they will run up underneath and your job is done. However, sometimes they will want to wander off to the side when you are going along, to see the sights, as puppies will, and come out. If so, and they do it too much, get a light cord lead and fasten it to their collar—of course I am supposing they have been taught to lead, and sit, holding it loosely over the back of the wagon—and this will stop them, and they will run up themselves with the old dogs when they see they can't wander

off. After eight or ten days with this lead on and they don't stay with the old dogs, they won't be any good as workers and you might as well stop trying to teach them, for if a dog doesn't work because he wants to, while you can make him do it, he is never any real good, and you can never depend on him staying in. Of course, you only break one at a time, for if you have one old dog, which is all you should take, the puppy, if he runs up beside the old dog, will be all you want to get under the carriage at one time. In the old days we would often have four dogs with us, but since the coming of the slippery roads and the motors, two is all you ought to take.

We had three dogs along in about 1903 that I think might be of interest, Sneezer, Blinker and D'Artagnan. Sneezer was the best working Dalmatian I ever saw, and had the biggest moon eye I ever saw, and with that one moon eye he had the most diabolical expression I have ever seen in man or beast. I bought him from under a slop wagon when he was about a year old and gave three dollars for him. He was kind of indifferent about working when we first got him, but when we tried him out with four horses, that was his delight. He would run between the wheelers' hind legs for a while, and then he would shoot up between the wheelers out under the pole to run between the leaders' hind legs and would go for miles that way. I must confess he always made me a bit

nervous when he was running that way, but as he was perfectly at home there, I should not have been. When things got too tight up there for him when we were forced to make a sudden turn, he would run out between the leaders and wheelers on the open side—that is, if we turned to the right, he would run out between the near lead and wheel, and run around back and get in under the coach again.

These three dogs had the run of the house, and one night at about one o'clock we were awakened by a piercing scream, and when I ran downstairs I found Sneezer wagging his tail at the top of the second story hall staircase, and my niece, Mrs. Rivinus, who was then about twelve years old, sitting on the side of her bed, which was by the hall door where Sneezer was, with her hair standing on end. It seems after she got into bed she thought she would like to finish the book of Conan Doyle, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and when she got to the part of the story where the hound bursts out of the fog with blazing eyes chasing the hero, she heard a noise, and upon turning around saw Sneezer standing over her with that blazing wall eye, and she thought the hound had her.

Blinker was the greatest watch dog ever. She, along with Sneezer and D'Artagnan, used to sleep in the room when we were reading at night, and then when we went to bed they would move to a room just off the front hall staircase and spend the night there.

As we always kept a light down at the foot of the staircase, you could see anything moving down in the front hall from above. Well, one night after I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, I heard a swing door creaking, for it needed oil, and I got up, for I could not think who could have opened it, and looked over the staircase down at the door which I could see. After about five minutes I heard a thump against the door and out walked Blinker; she had jumped against it and come out of the pantry. She walked back into the room where she slept, and I sat up waiting to see what she would do next, and in about half an hour out she came and went all over the house, finally coming to the pantry door, when out she went again, and in a few minutes she came back and into the room where she slept. This she did every half hour all night and every night as long as she lived. No watchman could have pulled a clock any better than she did. One of the years she was on duty, Chestnut Hill had what they called the Friday night burglar; from the middle of May till the following February, when he was caught, pretty nearly every Friday night some house was robbed. When he was caught he turned out to be kind of a Raffles, a gentleman to the extreme, and used to mix up with people in Chestnut Hill and confer with the police about catching the burglar. I always thought he did it for the excitement of the thing, for while he would lift expensive things, very often he would pick

up nic-nacs and things of no value. He worked in a very ingenious way. He would go into a place, as he came into our place in August, and make a noise, and started all the dogs barking, and had a night watchman shoot at him, which brought all the police in a hurry to our place, and then slipped out through the back of the place to another place about a half mile away and while everybody was hunting about our place for him he robbed the other place. This he did right along, and had the people nearly crazy about here, and the first question on everybody's lips on Saturday morning was—whose house was touched up last night? When the New York Show came I went over to it, leaving the dogs and an old gardener to look after the house in my absence, and he told me on Friday night the dogs broke loose about two o'clock and when he came downstairs he found them about one of the windows raising the devil, and while he could not hear anything, as it was a cold, windy night, he said it was most interesting to follow them about, as our "friend" was apparently looking over what window to try and open, and everywhere he went the dogs were there to greet him. After a while he must have gone off, for they quieted down, but Blinker never stopped walking about all night. As I said before, he was caught pawning some goods the following week, and our house was one of the few he never got into.

Blinker was the most saucy dog or bitch that ever

lived, her tail was up so high over her back all the time it must have hurt her. She never went out of the stable yard excepting some of us took her, and she never allowed anyone into the stable yard. She did not just run and bark, but as soon as anyone started to go in she just rushed at them with a roar like a lion, and had them if they didn't move out. After she had bitten five or six people I got afraid she would tear up some of the children's friends who used to come and play with them, although she was most friendly with our children, and I had her killed.

D'Artagnan was the first American Champion Dalmatian, and had quite an odd kind of a father named Dewey. Both of them were beautiful workers, but when Dewey got old and fat and could not keep up with the carriage, he would pull out and dig himself in the side of the road and wait for us to come back for him with a carriage. Although he would be glad to see us on foot, unless you put a lead on him he would not leave, but when the carriage drove by him, no matter how fast, he would be out and underneath in a second. One night we left him out by mistake all night at one of the entrances of a small hotel about a third of a mile from our house, and in the morning when my same niece, Mrs. Rivinus, saw him when she went to the post office on foot, she went over to see him, and the owner of the hotel rushed out and told her to keep away from the dog as he would

bite her, as he had not allowed anyone to go in or out of the gate for twelve hours. She laughed and said "He is my dog," and then he said, "For heaven's sake get him away." She had to go home though and get a horse and carriage to get him back, as he would not go home with her on foot, although he was delighted to see her. When he got old we used to work him only with an old horse that was as old as he was, and they were great pals, and used to take the children to the train in the morning to school. The children were nearly always late and came out with a rush, and as soon as the horse and dog heard them the dog would grab the horse by the tail, and the horse would jump back and forward till they got in, and then they would go out of the place on a dead run, with the dog hanging onto the horse's tail for a ways, and would just catch their train by a second. One day they cut it too fine, and the train was starting as they were pulling up to the station, but not to be beat, as the carriage road ran beside the railroad to the next station, which was only half a mile away and down hill, horse, dog and children started after the train, and when they pulled up at the station at the same time as the train, the train crew and passengers gave them a great cheer, for of course all the people on the train had been watching the race along the road.

So ends the old dogs. And now we come to a very live dog, and an odd one, for he pulled off the strangest

stunt I think that was ever pulled in this locality in winter. Amos of Tattoo is the dog, he is a liver and belongs to Mrs. John P. Homiller of Hatboro, Pa. He was born and raised on the place and has lived here all his life. The reason he was born here was that Mrs. Homiller asked me to take care of Champion Lunatic of Tattoo, his mother, when she went away for a time, and during the time Luny was here Amos was born, and while Mrs. Homiller took Luny home again and Champion Cocoa of Tattoo, the only liver bitch to have won a championship in America and a litter sister of Amos, she never came after Amos. Amos always has gone through life with the least effort possible and has been known to bark only about a dozen times in the four years of his life. When he runs with the horses he trails out behind unless he sees another dog coming, when he runs up among the horses, not because he is afraid, but it is less trouble under the wagon than to have an argument with a strange dog. When he lived in the house, he was interested in anything on the table of the room in which he slept, and while he would never touch anything when anybody was there, if you went out you would find on your return your books or papers and pencils, etc., unhurt on his chair. He was especially fond of taking my glasses, and in the many times he took them they were always found intact. There was one thing, however, he would never take off the table,

and that was a small iron model of a Scottish terrier dog, and I used to try him out by putting it on top of things, and he would always lift it off and take anything underneath it, but never the Scottie. There was another thing he used to do, and that was curl up on the hot ashes in the fireplace while the fire was going, and the hot sparks would drop on his back and fall off again without his moving whether he was asleep or awake. Of course, he would not go into the fireplace if the logs were burning all the way across, but as our fireplace is four feet long, when the weather was not cold we would only use logs a half to three-quarters long and so he would have plenty of room on each side of them to lie down. Then if we were out of the room, when he got up to come out he would bring live logs with him to his chair, always taking up the logs and carrying them by the ends away from the fire, and would lie down on his bed chewing them and eating the charcoal. After we found some live coals on his bed two or three times which might set the house on fire, we always put the fire screen up before leaving the room. I have given this rather at length for most dog people will tell you dogs are afraid of fire, and I have never heard or seen anything like it.

This final chapter will close with the queer stunt Amos pulled off that I spoke about at the beginning. One bright, warm day in the middle of January I happened to be standing out on our lawn

watching my nieces skating, the weather had been cold and there was snow all over the ground, when one of the girls called out to me that Amos was killing a snake, and when I said it was impossible, there were no snakes about, the other niece said, "If it's not a snake it's an alligator." Thinking they were crazy, I went to investigate, and sure enough, there was Amos shaking the life out of an alligator about eighteen inches long. After he had killed it I went over to him, as I thought he might try to eat it, and sure enough that is what he started to do, and when I got over to him he had it part way down his throat, and when I grabbed its tail to pull it out of his mouth the tail came off in my hand and the alligator went down Amos' throat. All that happened to him was that he skipped his regular meal for that day. If you can duplicate that story I will be glad to open a quarter of frozen beer. The explanation of it is—my sister-in-law has a small pond for gold fish, and she had two alligators that summer along with the gold fish, and when about the first of November she took the gold fish into the house for the winter, and expected to take in the alligators, she could only find one alligator, and we suppose the other one went down to the springhouse and stream a short distance from her pond and lived there. As the water comes out of the ground in the springhouse it never freezes and is fairly warm in winter, and so the alligator got along all right, and as

it was a fine warm day in the sun after the cold spell, he climbed out on the bank to sun himself, and Amos found him, killed and ate him. Can you beat it?

THE END







